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**1/2d.**

# Daily Mirror

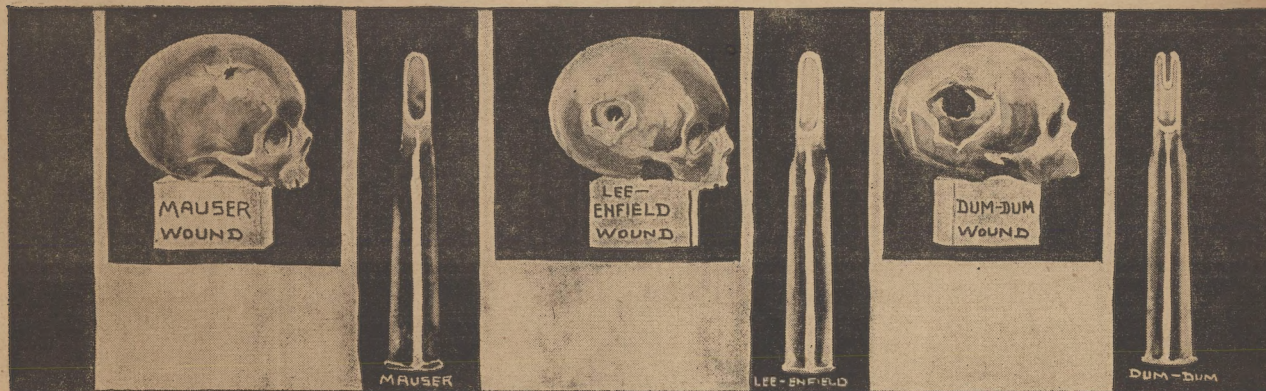
**A GREAT BOON  
A SMALL PRICE**  
The "Daily Mirror"  
FOUNTAIN PEN.  
**2/6.**

No. 270.

Registered at the G. P. O.  
as a Newspaper.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

**RUSSIAN SOLDIERS FIRING WITH DUM-DUM BULLETS.**

Telegrams from Tokio state that two kinds of Dum-Dum bullets were found in the field after the Liao-yang battle, and that some of the wounds of the Japanese are suspected to have been caused by these bone-smashing bullets. This drawing shows the effect produced by Mauser, Lee-Enfield, and Dum-Dum bullets.

**TO-NIGHT'S PLAY: "THE TEMPEST."**

One of the most important events of the theatrical season is Mr. Tree's revival of "The Tempest" at His Majesty's Theatre to-night. — (Ellis and Walery.)



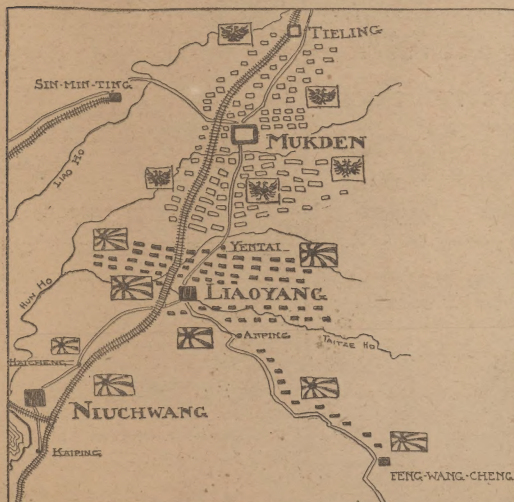
Miss Viola Tree, the distinguished actor-manager's talented daughter, who will play the dual parts of Ariel and Ceres in "The Tempest" to-night. — (Lallie Charles.)



Mr. J. Van Alen, American millionaire, who has just taken a mansion in Nottinghamshire on a long lease. He says he is the only American who can wear a monocle without looking self-conscious, and prides himself on his resemblance to the King.

**KIDNAPPED BABY.**

The little French boy, George Fournarde, who was kidnapped at Rouen and taken to Dieppe. It is believed that he is now in England.

**DRIVING BACK THE RUSSIANS.**

This map shows the present position of the fighting forces in Manchuria. A large number of Russians are still encamped round Mukden, while others are hastening on towards Tieling. It is expected that the Japanese will shortly make their triumphant entry into Mukden.

**NEW WAR BALLOON.**

Experimenting with a new balloon at the French manoeuvres. It carries signal flags as a warning of the approach of the enemy.

**NOT A "CARPET KNIGHT,"**

But a drawing by a Japanese artist representing an officer, who has discarded his sword for a fan, leading his men to victory.



## BIRTHS.

**ALDERSON**.—On September 12, at Kingswood Warren, Epsom, Surrey, the wife of Edward H. Alderson, of a son.  
**BLOXAM**.—On the 12th inst., at 59, Alexandra-road, N.W., the wife of A. G. Bloxam, of a daughter.  
**EDYE**.—On August 21, at Quebec, Canada, the wife of Captain Russell Edey, of twins—a boy and a girl.  
**HAYWOOD**.—On the 11th inst., at 40, Netherby Court-road, Netherby, the wife of Guy W. Haywood—a daughter (Ruth Maule).  
**LATHAM**.—On September 11, at "Mirfield" Avenue-road, Southall, Middlesex, the wife of Alfred J. Latham (née Stone), of a daughter.

## MARRIAGES.

**BULL-HARRISON**.—On September 12, at St. James's Church, Cheltenham Park, by the Rev. Canon J. Erskine Clarke, assisted by Rev. Theodore Bull, Gerald Theodore Bull, third son of the Rev. Theodore Bull, of Edgworth, Dorsetshire, to Kate Edith, youngest daughter of the late George Harrison, Surveyor of Taxes, of Leamington.  
**RINGLAND-BROOKS**.—On September 10, at Holy Trinity Church, Stratford-on-Avon, by the Rev. G. Arblinham, Vicar, William Ewart Ringland, son of the late William Ringland of Chiswick, to Madeline, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Brooks, of Stratford-on-Avon.  
**TANGY-RICKARD**.—On September 5, at St. John the Baptist's, Bushbridge, Godalming, by the Rev. L. R. Flood, assisted by the Rev. Douglas Carmichael, Wilfrid Noel, youngest son of Sir Richard and Lady Rangy, of Coombe Bank, Kingston Hill, and Gwendolyn, daughter of Cornwall, to Janet Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Richard Whyte Rickard, of the Bays, Putney, and Mrs. Whyte Rickard, of Voltaire Head, Newquay.

## DEATHS.

**BRISSENDEN**.—On the 11th inst., at 46, St. German's-road, Forest Hill, Edith Maud, the tenderly beloved and only remaining child of Alfred William and Caroline Brissenden.  
**CHALMERS**.—On Sunday, September 11, at Leighton, Southborough, Ellen, widow of the late David Chalmers, M.D., of Exeter, Liverpool, aged 78.  
**COLE**.—On September 12, at Beckenham, Kent, Edward Cole, after two serious operations, in his 44th year.  
**LONGSTAFF**.—On the 12th inst., at Ridgeland, Wimbeldon, Anthony Cedric Blomfield Longstaff, infant child of Cedric H. Longstaff, of Lichfield. No flowers.  
**MAY**.—On the 12th inst., at Muswell Hill, N. Henry May, late of 14, Golden-square, W., and Leighton-crescent, N.W., solicitor, in his 80th year.

## PERSONAL.

"SELIHURST."—Edward to Jack. Alice dead. Come quickly.  
**MERE**.—Do you know how to get a quart into a pint pot? Few lessons are necessary.—T.  
**ETHEL**.—Mother will be glad to meet you as suggested. Glad you are going overnight.—A. P.  
**L. G.**.—Hope one of two sent will be acceptable, but if not can try again. Monogrammed will be prized.—B.  
**MUSE** for the Million.—Composers of high-class and popular music might find it advantageous to communicate with the Music Editor, "Daily Mirror," Carmelite-street, E.C.  
**PRIVATE INQUIRY**.—Author of "Guide to Employments" would like to communicate with anyone having knowledge of the working of private inquiry office, or offices.—Apply, in confidence, Box 1559, "Daily Mirror" Office, Carmelite-street, E.C.  
 \*The above advertisements (which are accepted up to 5 p.m. for the next day's issue) are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s. 6d., and 2d. per word afterwards. They can be brought to the office or sent by post with postal order. Trade advertisements in Personal Column, eight words for 4s., and 6d. per word after.—Address Advertisement Manager, "Mirror," 2, Carmelite-street, London.

## THEATRES AND MUSIC-HALLS.

**CRITERION**.—Lessee, Sir Chas. Wyndham. Manager, Mr. Frank Curzon.  
**EVERY EVENING**, at 8.30, MAT., Wed. and Sat., at 2.30.  
**MISS ADA, A REVEAL, and COMPANY**, in "WINNIE BROOKS, WIDOW," by Malcolm Watson. Box Office, 10 to 10. Telephone, No. 3844 Gerrard.  
**HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE**.—MR. TREE. TO-NIGHT (Wednesday), Sept. 14, at 8. Shakespeare's Comedy, "THE TEMPEST."  
**FIRST MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT**, at 2.15, and EVERY FOLLOWING WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.  
 Box Office (Mr. Watts) open 10 to 10.  
**IMPERIAL**.—MR. LEWIS WALLER. TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 8.30. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 2.30. MISS ELIZABETH PRISONER. Box Office open 10 to 10. Tel.: 3193 Gerrard.  
**SHAFTESBURY**.—TO-DAY at 2.15, and EVERY EVENING at 8.15. Mr. Henry W. Evans's American Co., in "THE PRINCE OF PILSEN."  
**MATINEE TO-DAY, and EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY** at 2.15. Box Office 10 to 10.  
**ST. JAMES'S**.—MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER. TO-DAY, at 2.30, and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30 precisely, in a Romance adapted from the story of Justus Miles Forman, by Sydney Grundy, entitled "THE GARDEN OF LIES."  
**MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY**, 2.30.  
 \*MR. ROBERT ARTHUR'S LONDON THEATRES.  
**KENNINGTON THEATRE**, Tel. 1006 Hlop. TO-NIGHT at 7.45, MAT. THURS. 2.30. JULIA NELSON, FRID. TERRY, and their London Company in SUNDAY, with all the original scenery, furniture, and effects. Next Week, FRID. EDWARD, Mr. George Alexander's Principal Company.  
**CORONET THEATRE**, Tel. 1273 Kens. TO-NIGHT at 8. MAT. SAT. 2.30. The successful musical play, KITTIE GREY, from the Apollo Theatre.  
**CAMDEN THEATRE**, Tel. 328 K.C. TO-NIGHT at 8. MAT. SAT. 2.30. The thrilling play, SHERLOCK HOLMES, by A. Conan Doyle and William Gillette.  
**CROWN THEATRE**, Peckham, Tel. 412 Hop. TO-NIGHT at 7.45. MAT. WED. 2.15. The great drama, LIGHTS O' LONDON, by Geo. R. Sims.  
**THE OXFORD—THE FIGHTING PARSON**, by George Gray and Co. HACKENSCHEIDT (9.50). TROLE, R. G. EDWARDS (9.10). Terry and Lambert. WILKIE BARD, J. H. MILBURN, Martinetti and Grossi, KELLY and GILLETTE, the Woodlee Wanderers, and other stars. Open 7.25. SATURDAY MATINEES at 2.30. Manager, Mr. ALBERT GILMER.

## AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, Etc.

**CRYSTAL PALACE**.—TO-DAY. CAPE CHANTANT, at 3 and 7. Military Bands. Later Chorus. Maxima's Flying Machine. Topsy-Turvy Railway. Foods Exhibition.  
**BROCK'S THEATREWORKS**.—To-morrow, at 8.30. Bombardment of Port Arthur. Table d'hôte luncheons and dinners in the new dining rooms overlooking the grounds. Messrs. J. Lyons and Co., Ltd., Caterers by Appointment.  
**PROMENADE CONCERTS**.—QUEEN'S HALL. EVERY EVENING, at 8. Queen's Hall Orchestra. Conductor—Mr. Henry J. Wood. Tickets, 1s., 2s., 3s., 5s., usual agents: Chappell's, Queen's Hall box-office, Queen's Hall Orchestra (11.30, Regent-street).  
 ROBERT NEWMAN, Manager.

## FOR ALL TIME

Being well constructed it will last for ever. To You it means the pleasure of a lifetime, and, who knows, it may add to the happiness of many more in the long years to come.

# The "DAILY MIRROR" GIANT TELESCOPE

Is an enviable possession of considerably more value than the actual price—5/9. It will be an everlasting advertisement for the "Daily Mirror"—hence the offer and the price.

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when fully extended, and over Twelve Inches Long and Five Inches in Circumference when closed.

## In 5 Sections

and made of Solid Brass drawn Tubing, with Perfected Screw Flanges, Adjusted Lenses, and Safety Dust Caps.

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with an accurate, powerful Long or Short Range. The ease with which it defines and brings up objects of a mile or more is marvelous.

HAS A RANGE OF 25 MILES.

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The price of the "DAILY MIRROR" GIANT TELESCOPE is 5s. 9d., and the postage and packing is 6d. extra. You should therefore send a postal order for 6s. 3d. to the "DAILY MIRROR" GIANT TELESCOPE DEPARTMENT, 2, Carmelite Street, London, E.C., with your name and address clearly written. Each order will be numbered, and the Telescopes will be sent off strictly in rotation.

Call at our West End Office, 45, NEW BOND ST., W., or the "Daily Mirror" Stall, WESTERN ARCADE, EARL'S COURT, and examine this marvellous Bargain for yourself.

## HOUSES AND PROPERTIES.

## Auctions.

**BROADSTAIRS**.—A few minutes from railway station and close to electric cars. Building operations going on almost adjoining. Steps for immediate development. Water mains laid on to the land.

**MESSRS. PAYNE, TRAPPS, and CO.** beg to announce that on MONDAY NEXT, Sept. 19th, they will OFFER for SALE, in a manor house on the Stratton Park Estate, Broadstairs, at 2 o'clock, 40 VALUABLE FREEHOLD BUILDING SITES. The land is sold free of title and land tax. No law costs. Usual terms. Intending purchasers will leave Holborn Viaduct on morning of sale by the 10.40 train, calling at Horse Hill 10.55, Chatham 11. Luncheon provided free. Full particulars and tickets, apply Messrs. Payne, Trapps, and Co., 11, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.

**STAINES** (Penton Hook).—Situate on the banks of the river Thames, in one of its most charming localities, with its houseboats and bungalows and riverside residences. A few minutes from the town of Staines, and presenting a first-class investment for builders, speculators, and others.

**MESSRS. PAYNE, TRAPPS, and CO.**, in conjunction with **MESSRS. PROTHEROE and MORRIS**, beg to announce that on TUESDAY NEXT, Sept. 20th, they will SELL, in a manor upon the Penton Hook Estate, at 2 o'clock, 72 PLOTS OF FREEHOLD BUILDING SITES, ripe for the erection of villa residences. The whole is free of title and land tax. No law costs. 10 per cent. deposit, balance by instalments if desired. Intending purchasers will leave Waterloo on morning of sale by the 12.30 train, calling at Chapham Junction, Richmond, and Twickenham. Luncheon will be provided free. Full particulars and tickets, apply Messrs. Payne, Trapps, and Co., 11, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.

Building rapidly proceeding. Cheapest and best Second Land in Sussex. Every plot sold on the First and Second Section.

**MOUNT PLEASANT ESTATE**. Five minutes from station close to harbour and pier. Charming views of bay and surrounding country. Easy distance of Seaford.

**MESSRS. PROTHEROE and MORRIS** will offer 150 PLOTS OF FREEHOLD BUILDING LAND, in Manor upon the Estate, on MONDAY, September 19, at 2 p.m. Roads free, no title, land tax, or law costs. Possession on payment of 10 per cent. deposit. Easy terms if desired. Plan, etc. and with return railway ticket. Sold, of the vendor, Mr. F. G. Hodgson, 6 and 7, King William-street, E.C.

## Houses, Offices, Etc., to Let.

**FREE to Rent-payers**.—The current number of an illustrated magazine will be sent post free to any person to those who would like to know how to use their rent to buy their houses. Write, mentioning "Daily Mirror," to the Editor, "Home," 3, Brimfield-street, London, E.C.

**HERN BAY**.—Charming well-furnished 8-roomed House overlooking sea; verandah, gas, linen, plate, piano, garden. 35s. Rent—5, Alma-rd.

**WESTCLIFF-ON-SEA**.—The Lees; choicest position, facing sea; comfortably furnished house; exceedingly moderate terms; electric light; near station; appointment to view.—Mrs. Willett, Highcliffe, Leigh-on-Sea.

## Land, Houses, Etc., Wanted.

**SMALL HOUSE**, furnished, required for October, with good garden; about 15 miles out London, trading district; rent must be moderate.—Address, with full particulars, to R. H. King, care of 44, Chancery-lane, London.

## Land, Houses, Etc., for Sale.

**BUNGALOWS** for week-ends and summer holidays, with acre of land; freehold, £125; free deeds; instalments.—Homesteads (Q), Ltd., 27, Essex-st., Strand, W.C.

**26 FREEHOLD PLOTS** at Silver-st., Upper Edmonton, immediately ripe for building small villas to let at 9s.; price £30 each or offer; 10 per cent. deposit; completion in twelve months; with full particulars, Francis Dod and Co., 59, High-st., Stoke Newington.

**£625**.—Freehold Farm, London 26 miles; 42 acres. Huckle, 35, Belmont-rd., Hlorc.

## BUSINESSES FOR SALE &amp; WANTED.

**TOBACCO**, New, Stationery, Confectionery; thorough genuine business; must be sold at once; 1500 cases; all at £300; no reasonable offer refused.—Write Box 1550, "Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite-st., E.C.

## HOLIDAY APARTMENTS TO LET AND WANTED.

**BOURNEMOUTH**.—Ashurst Boarding Establishment; central, pleasant, healthy position; home comforts; moderate terms.

**BRIGHTON**.—Johannessen Boarding Establishment, Grand Parade; moderate charges; thoroughly comfortable and homelike.

**BRIGHTON** (minute sea).—Comfortable Bedroom, 10s.; meals moderate.—25, Norfolk-st.

**COMFORTABLE** Apartments or Board Residence; moderate terms.—Mrs. Austen, 18, Clarendon-rd., Margate.

**FELTSTOWNE**.—Apartments, close to sea, good rooms.—Mrs. Cooper, Abercrombie, Quill-rd.

**GREAT YARMOUTH**.—Bed, breakfast, 3s.; good apartments; facing Wellington Pier.—41, Camperdown.

**GREAT YARMOUTH**.—Garibaldi Hotel for gentlemen; moderate terms; liberal table.—Powell, Proprietor.

**HASTINGS**.—Exceptional; highest class Board-Residence (21s. 6s.); charming surroundings; billiards, 11 billiards—Miles, Hazden Hall, 54, Warrior-rd.

**MARGATE**.—Cottage Apartments; bed sitting-room; moderate terms; stamp.—3, Batterfield-rd.

**RAMSGATE**.—Swallow's Bay; 100s.; Board-Residence, 15s. 6d. inclusive; musical—Vale House, Westcliff-rd.

## EDUCATIONAL.

**CHATHAM HOUSE COLLEGE**, Ramsgate.—Founded 94 years.—High-class school for the sons of gentlemen; Army, professions, and commercial life; cadet corps attached to the 1st V.B.E.K. ("The Buffs") and 1st Buffs school for boys under 15; 48-page illustrated prospectus sent on application to the Headmaster.

**TNNS OF COURT** Bar preliminary entrance examinations; 200 successes.—O. Grant, A.K.C. London, Edinburgh Universities, 3, Whitehall-court, S.W.

**LADIES** taught high-class Bookwork, French, German, and various; insurance demand; sells at sight, 10s. 6d. tools and materials inclusive.—Apply Mr. 412, New Cross-rd., S.E.

**SINGING LESSONS**.—Louis Cottell, voice specialist; over 20 years' success preparing amateurs for engagements; advice free.—85, St. Paul's-rd., Highbury.

## MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

**BORD'S** Pianos—25 per cent. discount for cash, or 18s. 6d. per month; second-hand pianos, also horizontal Grandos from 25s.; upright Grandos, 17s. 6d.; cottages, 10s. 6d. to 12s. per month on the 3 years' system.—O. Grant, 173 and 174, Southwark-rd., London, W.C. Pianos exchanged.

**VALUABLE** Violin; superb late violinist; marvellous tone; labelled Sauter & Co. 1890; case, low; sacrifice, 18s. 6d.; approval—Mr. Tjy, Rockingham-rd., Uxbridge.

Other Small Advertisements on pages 12 and 16.



## WILL PORT ARTHUR SURRENDER?

Rumour That the Garrison  
Will Give Up.

### DRAMATIC EPISODE.

How Kuropatkin Might Have  
Turned the Tide.

Little news is to hand from the seat of war. The Russian troops at Mukden are suffering from lack of food, and rains are rendering active operations difficult.

A Daily newspaper says that the Port Arthur fleet will make another sortie, and the fortress will simultaneously surrender.

### SURRENDER!

Capitulation Decided Upon After  
Another Naval Sortie.

According to the "New York Herald" (Paris edition) the Russian fleet at Port Arthur is once again to go out and immediately afterwards the ships unit to go to sea are to be blown up.

The General Stoessel, who has been decorated with the highest order for bravery, will be instructed to surrender the fort.

This decision, it is said, was made prior to the recent disastrous sortie of the fleet, but the humane intention of avoiding further loss of life, by surrendering the fortress, was frustrated by Admiral Oskodkov's chance of instructions.

Meanwhile the Port Arthur Journal, "Novy Krai," states that life in the town is cheerful under the circumstances, and singing, dancing, and music by the bands are going on.

### THRICE LOOTED.

Liao-yang Robbed by Three Successive  
Armies.

TRINITY, Monday.—Seldom has any city been looted by three armies in three days, but this is what has happened at Liao-yang.

When the Japanese drove the Russians out of the Shansampo Hills the starving Russian soldiers realised that Liao-yang must fall, and getting out of hand looted the town. They plundered not only the Chinese, but also the European shops, destroying what they did not want or were not able to carry away to prevent the goods falling into the hands of the Japanese.

During the time between the departure of the Russians and the arrival of the Japanese the Chinese soldiers and police continued the work which the Russians began, and pillaged the shops which had not been discovered by the Russians. The Japanese completed the looting. They had been fighting for five days without food, except dry rice, and broke loose on entering the town, looting right and left.

As the shops had already been rifled, the Japanese turned their attention to private houses. They were chiefly in search of food, but overlooked nothing.—Reuter.

### KUROKI'S ESCAPE.

How the Fate of His Army Trembled  
in the Balance.

Reuter's correspondent sends a vivid account of the critical position General Kuroki's army was in while it was attempting to cut off General Kuropatkin's retreat from Liao-yang.

He says that the fighting of the battle was an anxious one at General Kuroki's Headquarters. It gradually became known that Kuroki's army had been cut off from the other Japanese forces, and a period of terrible suspense followed.

Firing decreased on both sides, and attachés and correspondents were prevented going near the firing lines, giving rise to the suspicion that a Japanese retreat was contemplated.

The tension ended on Saturday night, when it became known that General Kuropatkin was retreating. If he had but known of the critical position of Kuroki's forces he might have destroyed them.

### SCENES OF AWFUL CARNAGE.

On Sunday morning General Kuroki rode forward to Haiyental Hill through the Chinese villages without inhabitants and filled with wounded, past many mounds where fires burned over the dead, and hundreds of fresh, hastily-dug graves, through fields trampled into bogs by the fighting, and strewn with the debris of the armies.

The spectacle which Haiyental Hill presented has seldom been equalled in any war. Close to the summit of the hill 200 Russians lay with their rifles where they had fallen. It appeared that they had

advanced upon the word of command, and the whole line was mowed down when almost upon the trenches.

The bodies were black, having lain there in the sun, while the firing was so constant and fierce that the Japanese were unable to bury them. Many corpses were strewn in the fields below. Hundreds of shells had fallen on the hill, tearing pits and furrows in it. Fragments of steel were everywhere under foot.

Several Russian drums and two or three hundred Russian rifles and cooking pots were all torn and shattered by shot, bayonets were twisted and broken, and the caps of uniforms and caps were shot-torn and blood-soaked. Blood was smeared everywhere, in the trenches and on the turf. It was impossible to step without treading on bullets.

It was difficult to believe that the same area elsewhere could ever be the scene of such carnage, and this was only a single point of the battlefield, every foot of which had been bitterly contested for two days and nights.—Reuter's Special Service.

### FOOD SHORT AT MUKDEN.

Pitiable Condition of the Russian  
Troops.

ST. PETERSBURG, Tuesday.—From a Mukden telegram, which is published here this morning, an idea may be formed of the hardships experienced by the Russians.

There is no sign of the rains ceasing. Another storm raged on Sunday night, and the roads were in such a state of mire that it is almost impossible to conceive further operations or movements. Owing to the enormous concentration of troops at Mukden, food reserves have long since been exhausted.

Nothing is left in the shops. Even tea being unobtainable. At the railway station crowds of officers wait for hours around the carts of the Economic Society, which supplies officers and men with necessities at reduced prices.

The provision sellers following the Army have lost most of their wares during the precipitate retreat, owing to the inadequate means of transport.—Reuter's Special Service.

### PASSENGERS' NIGHT AT SEA.

Two Disabled Steamers Have to  
Anchor Off Douglas.

After nearly forty-four hours spent on the Irish Sea, the five hundred passengers of the steamer Douglas were landed at Douglas, in the Isle of Man, yesterday morning.

Among them were two theatrical companies. Miss Louie Freer's "Boy Job" company was to have opened at the Gaiety Theatre, and the "My Lady Molly" company was due at the Grand, but both spent the night on a wild sea.

The Douglas left Liverpool at eleven o'clock on Sunday night, but when within a few miles of her destination her steering gear was damaged. Another steamer went to her assistance, but the sea was so high that the passengers could not be transferred nor the Douglas towed, and she had to anchor for twenty-four hours.

When the sea moderated she was towed in by a tug yesterday morning.

The steamer Mona, which left Fleetwood at three on Monday afternoon, had an almost exactly similar experience. Her steering gear broke down, she had to anchor for the night, and her 300 passengers were not landed until yesterday morning.

### MOTOR-CAR IN A RIVER.

Ladies and Children Hurt Through a  
Burst Tyre.

GENEVA, Tuesday.—A motor-car which was making a tour of the Lake of Geneva was crossing Vanoge bridge, when it fell into the river in consequence of the bursting of a pneumatic tyre.

Mme. Neveux, a Russian lady, one of the occupants of the car, sustained a serious fracture of the skull, and the chauffeur was badly injured in the legs. Two of Mme. Neveux's children and their governess, the other occupants of the car, escaped with slight bruises.—Reuter.

### RUSSIAN CRUISER DIFFICULTY.

Naval experts report that six weeks will be necessary to effect temporary repairs to the Russian cruiser Lena now at San Francisco, and the Exchange Telegraph Company says it is officially announced at Washington that she will be allowed this period of grace.

### KING AT A DEER DRIVE.

The King and the Prince of Wales attended a deer drive in the Aberfeldie Woods. The weather was good and the sport fair.

To-day a grouse drive has been arranged for the King.

The Mayor and Town Council of Worthing indignantly deny the statement that their parade inspectors have been instructed to stop children digging on the sands.

## FATAL STEAMER AFFRAY.

Ship's Cook Avenges Insult with  
a Revolver.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

FUME, Tuesday.—A terrible drama has been enacted here on the British steamer Andromeda, owned in Liverpool.

During the voyage from South America, Captain Thomas committed suicide, and the command was taken over by the mate, who is said to have exasperated the crew by ill-treatment.

Eight sailors who had been discharged went on board the vessel to get revenge. They were all drunk. The mate, whom they sought, was absent, but they insulted the man in charge and the ship's cook.

The latter was so exasperated that he fired a revolver, killing one man and dangerously wounding another.

All the men concerned are now in gaol.

### "NO SUCH PERSON."

Extraordinary Objection to a Well-  
known Knight's Vote.

To the astonishment of the Venetian Revision Court yesterday the Liberal agent objected to the claim on behalf of Sir Thomas Brooke-Hitching, on the ground that there was no such person.

The Unionist agent said he never heard such an astounding statement, as he knew Sir Thomas personally. He was an ex-Sheriff of the City of London, and was as well known as King Edward himself.

The Liberal agent persisted that his information was reliable, and that there was no such person in the title deeds.

The Unionist agent pleaded that Sir Thomas was in Sweden, but

The barrister replied that the agent or solicitor should have communicated with the Unionist agent. Without the deeds he was bound to uphold the objection and strike out the name.

The vote of Richard Britton was objected to at Scarborough on the ground that he was dead, but the old man showed he was very much alive by appearing in person. Somebody had dropped down dead, he explained indignantly, and they had thought it was him. "I am the oldest voter in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales," he added proudly.

### RUDE AWAKENING.

Drugged Woman Finds Her House  
Ransacked During Sleep.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday.—M. Benteu, a small tradesman, of the Rue du Temple, has reason to regret his charity.

Meeting a weeping woman, who said she had been driven from home by a cruel husband, he took her as a servant. She proved most devoted.

During the absence of M. Benteu on a journey she brought her mistress her breakfast in bed, and expressed the hope that she would sleep well. In the coffee contained some narcotic, Madame slept very well indeed. When she did wake it was to find herself lying on a mattress on the floor. Her bed had gone, and with it everything in the home to the value of £400.

The new servant had told the concierge that the Benteus were moving, and then, with the help of a gang, to which she belonged, she cleared everything.

### "DEAD" MAN RETURNS.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday.—Edmond Deschamps, a news-vendor, of Ladernette, has just paid a visit to the cemetery to admire his own tomb.

He was buried some days ago with full ceremony. Eight responsible witnesses swore the body was that of Edmond Deschamps.

But yesterday he had the bad taste to turn up upon the quay selling socks, and people are now wondering whoever they really buried.

### "THE TEMPEST" AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

To-night Mr. Beerbohm Tree will produce "The Tempest" at His Majesty's Theatre. It is interesting that the father of Mr. Walter Telbin, the scene-painter, who has done some of Mr. Tree's scenery, painted the scenery for Mr. Charles Kean's production in 1857.

### SUICIDE IN A CISTERN.

After dressing herself to go for a walk with her brother, in Birmingham, yesterday, Mary Jane Caldwell climbed through her bedroom window and got into the cistern.

Her movements were observed, but before she could be reached she was drowned.

## ITALY'S HOPE.

Strange Gifts for the Ex-  
pected Prince.

### PUSHFUL ADVERTISER.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

ROME, Tuesday.—I have just paid a flying visit to the charming little town of Racconigi, at the Castle of which Queen Elena is expecting the long-desired heir.

Racconigi is now the cynosure of all Italian eyes, and the sturdy, brown-faced inhabitants are by no means unconscious of their importance.

The place abounds with babies already, and indeed, the first word I heard on entering the place came from a pretty peasant-woman who, fondling her child, said—evidently referring to the future King—"Eh, he won't be prettier than my bambino."

Picture postcards showing the castle and the royal apartments are everywhere, and the good Queen's kindly face appears in numberless reproductions in even the humblest shops.

### THE QUEEN'S GOODNESS.

"May God bless her Majesty!" said to me the keeper of a small inn where I lunched. "A fortnight ago, when she was driving past here, the tax-collectors were seizing my last stick. My wife ran after the carriage, and caught hold of the side, telling our story; and her Majesty, with the words 'These things should not occur in my Italy,' sent her secretary to pay the money."

The Queen's health is certainly excellent, for only this morning she sent down a message to the village to inquire concerning a workman's flower shop which she organised some time ago.

Her Majesty's mail has, I learned, trebled during the last fortnight, but, in spite of this, she attends to a large proportion of it personally. She was much touched and amused to receive from a Sicilian peasant a collection of small, old silver coins to be made into a necklace for the infant.

### PREMATURE GIFT.

Still greater was the royal amusement when one morning arrived a large registered box addressed "His Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Italy." The box, which had evidently been intended to arrive after the child's birth, came from New York, and contained a complete set of infant foods, soaps, powders, etc., while at the bottom lay a beautiful silver rattle, set with pearls, and surmounted by the iron crown of Lombardy.

The Queen ordered everything to be returned, but it is said to have looked covetously at the rattle and exclaimed, "I wish I could keep this."

The Queen's passion for beautiful flowers has developed of late almost into worship, and every morning King Victor Emanuel takes her a large bouquet with his own hands.

### ELECTRIC DIVINATION.

Millions of Tons of Hematite Discovered  
by an Ore-Finder.

To the delight of hundreds of workmen in Barrow, who had lost regular employment owing to the serious decline in the output of hematite in the district, the electric ore-finder has proved successful in revealing new sources of supply where the sinking of shafts and boring operations had been without result.

This triumph of the ore-finder (says the "St. James's Gazette") follows recent successes at Coniston in locating lost lodes of copper. Specially-tuned instruments were employed, and shortly after experiments had been commenced over an area owned by the Barrow Hematite and Steel Company, the presence of ore in large quantities was indicated.

Boring operations to a depth of over 80ft. have revealed that there are quite two millions tons of hematite present.

### POND IN A BLAZE.

Owing to the recent intense heat, writes our Vienna correspondent, a pond at Wlodejovetz, Bohemia, became almost dried up.

A spark from a passing engine set fire to the vegetation on the surface, and immediately the whole pond burst into a blaze, which lasted several days.

At the instigation of Viscount Morpeth it was decided to form a Junior Tariff Reform Association in Birmingham.

### TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Increasing southerly winds; weather becoming squally and rainy generally; cool. Lighting-up time: 7.17 p.m.

Sea passages will be moderate to rough in the south and east; rough in the west.



## "MIRROR" CARNIVAL.

Investment That Will Return 2,400 per Cent.

## GREAT DAY OF PLEASURE.

The *Daily Mirror's* offer of a free day's amusement at the Crystal Palace has created a sensation. It was natural that such an exceptional innovation in journalistic enterprise should.

*Daily Mirror* Day can be enjoyed by anyone who secures a copy of the paper on Saturday, September 24, and cuts from it a coupon which will admit the bearer to the Palace.

There a great army of readers of this paper will be gathered together in the only place of amusement which will accommodate them, a striking illustration of the success of the journal.

These thousands of the *Mirror's* readers will have spread before them the delights of a day at one of the most deservedly popular pleasure resorts of the kingdom, absolutely free of cost.

### An Unrivalled Programme.

The whole staff of the Crystal Palace is now engaged arranging a new and unrivalled programme of attractions.

It is as yet too early to speak of this programme, but it will be made public in due course. It may be said, however, that the musical programme will be of exceptional interest, and many bands will perform throughout the whole of the day, which will be brought to a close with an exceptionally brilliant fireworks display.

Already railway companies are considering the advisability of running excursions from different parts of the country, so large will be the crowd which will throng the Palace on Saturday, September 24.

### A Marvellous Investment.

The *Daily Mirror*, with the coupon entitling the holder to free admission, on that day will only cost its usual halfpenny. This means that each buyer will receive the value of a shilling and a halfpenny for one halfpenny, an investment which will pay 2,400 per cent. on the original outlay!

The demand for this issue will necessarily be enormous, and the proprietors, while making every effort to keep pace with the demand, cannot but impress upon readers the vital necessity of making sure of a copy on that happy day.

That is the point: Make doubly sure of a copy of Saturday week's *Daily Mirror*.

## NEW COMPLEXION "CURES."

Patients Buried in Sand and Bathed in Vinegar.

Some new and wonderful "cures," which are warranted to restore tone to a jaded system and give the patient a dazzling complexion, have recently been suggested.

The first is a sand cure. The patient, says the "World," is buried up to the neck in sand. After having enjoyed the sand next to his skin for an hour or two he is given a bath.

This cure also includes two vinegar baths a week, and it offers special inducements in the way of a dazzling clear complexion to ladies.

The second is an orange cure. Particulars of this cure are somewhat vague; but it is also good for the complexion.

An eminent medical man, interviewed yesterday, refused to consider these cures seriously. They sounded, he said, like a lunatic's cure for lunacy.

He could remember one case of a sand cure, and this was the melancholy experience of a sailor who, buried up to his neck in sand for the cure of scurvy, had his head eaten off by a wandering crocodile.

## EEL AS JONAH.

A Leicester angler has just had an exciting experience on the South Esk, Farnborough. He joined a number of fishermen, who landed a monster sea-eel.

On being cut open the fish's stomach was found to contain a seagull, which had been swallowed whole, and a big eel, still alive.

## PROVIDENT BRITISHERS.

There are 228 trustee savings banks in the British Islands, according to a Blue-book issued yesterday, with 1,687,661 depositors, who have to their credit £52,445,302.

Last year the sum of £23,138,381 was deposited.

## CHEAP FRUIT.

At Spalding market yesterday there was a great glut of fruit.

Apples sold at 2d. and 3d. per stone of 14lb., pears at 3d. and plums at 6d. per stone. Growers fear prices will still further decline.

At Overstrand, near Cromer, yesterday twelve acres of land near Clement Scott's "Garden of Sleep" were sold for £4,365.

## FIGHTING MILLIONS.

Men and Women Battling Against Trust Methods.

There are no outward signs of a strike about the Imperial Tobacco Trust's factory in St. Luke's, but under circumstances of comparative quietude is just beginning a homeric struggle between trade union and trust.

The women, who have struck because a badly-made cigar was returned to a girl to be remade, say that the system is unfair. The tobacco leaves are given them in such a state that it is very difficult to turn out well-made cigars.

They demand to be employed upon the same terms as the men, who are given leaves in a better state, and discharged if they make many bad cigars.

But the underlying cause of the dispute is that the workpeople fear that the Imperial Tobacco Trust are endeavouring to introduce American trust methods to kill English trade unionism.

So over five hundred men and women have gone out on strike, and they threaten to call out union employees at the Trust's Battersea, Aldgate, Ipswich, and Nottingham factories.

## MYSTERIOUS COINCIDENCES.

Five Ships of One Firm in Trouble at the Same Time.

Recent shipping casualties afford much food for reflection for anybody with an eye to curious instances of the uncanny workings of "the long arm of coincidence."

The ss. Oakley has struck a rock near Cape St. Vincent. Her sister ship, the Shahistan, is ashore at Suakim. And her other sister ship, the Goolistan, was lost on Sunday through a collision, seven persons being drowned.

These three vessels belong to the owners of the Ashley, which went ashore a few days ago, and the Allanton, detained at Vladivostok.

Another extraordinary coincidence is found in the case of the ss. Roxby, which was run down in the North Sea and sunk. This was within a day or two of the running ashore at Aden of the Baron Inverdale and also of the Cornuna, ashore at Bahia. All three vessels belong to the same owners.

## MAN UNDER THE BED.

Plucky Girl's Struggle with a Concealed Intruder.

Miss Edith Annie Allright and her mother, Bath residents who are staying at a boarding-house at Hastings, were retiring for the night when the young lady remarked that the wardrobe in the room was large enough to hold a man.

Her mother told her not to be nervous, but she nevertheless looked in the wardrobe and under the bed. Here she found a man, and without saying a word went on to the landing to raise an alarm.

At this moment the interloper came out, and the frightened mother screamed loudly. The young lady pluckily tackled the man, but after a severe struggle he got away and ran downstairs, only, however, to run into the arms of a lodger, who gave him into custody.

At the police court yesterday the man, who is understood to belong to Tunbridge Wells, was remanded.

## "RAGGED BOY" TRANSFORMED.

Wearing warm clothes in place of his wretched rags of the previous day, the homeless seven-year-old boy, Charles Kent, reappeared at the Guildhall yesterday.

Receiving a satisfactory explanation as to why the boy had been sent to the court in rags by the workhouse officials, Sir George Faudel-Phillips ordered a home to be found for him.

## MARTYRS' RECORD WEEK.

Addressing at Battersea fifty passive resisters against whom the usual orders had been made yesterday, Dr. Clifford said that last week was a record one for the movement. More summonses had been issued than ever before in a similar period.

## INCENDIARY'S WISH GRANTED.

At the Old Bailey yesterday Edward Golden, who fired a haystack and then gave himself up to the first policeman he met, saying he preferred prison to the workhouse, was sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour.

The silent woman of Windsor, who still refuses to speak of her antecedents, will leave the workhouse to-day.

At Wendling, Norfolk, Jonas Moore, who lived alone in a moveable shepherd's hut for years, died yesterday after removal to the workhouse.

## MISSING BRIDEGROOM.

Why Was the Mansion House Wedding Abandoned?

The whereabouts of the man who so mysteriously deserted the daughter of the Lord Mayor on the eve of their wedding is still unknown.

At Mr. McCalman's house yesterday it was stated that his luggage, packed for the honeymoon, was still there, and it is believed that he has not left England.

Mr. McCalman held a position in connection with the Zista Barrage on the Nile, and the honeymoon was to have been spent in Cairo; but inquiries reveal the fact that no passage for such a trip had been booked in London.

Mr. McCalman's friends say that he stated his reasons for breaking his engagement fully, and Mr. McCalman's stepfather asserts that the Lord Mayor and his family know why Mr. McCalman did not carry out his engagement, and they are at liberty to publish these reasons if they please.

## SAVED BY HIS DOG.

Adventures of an Officer Who Has Tramped 100,000 Miles.

After forty-one years' service as a relieving officer, Mr. John Gatty, of Bodmin, is retiring.

Mr. Gatty has walked on the average fifty miles a week, or 100,000 miles in all, and has had some exciting experiences.

Attacked one night by a burly navvy, his bulldog sprang at his assailant's throat, pinned him to the ground, and nearly choked him.

After that the navvy had such a respect for the bulldog that whenever he was in the neighbourhood he supplied two good dinners—one for the dog and another for its master.

On another occasion the dog saved Mr. Gatty from a mad bull.

## CHILDREN'S STRANGE ADVENTURE.

Wander for a Week in Search of Hopfields.

Ethel and Harold Dolling, the children of a Smithfield policeman, who crept stealthily from their home in Seething-lane, E.C., at six o'clock last Wednesday morning, were captured yesterday.

A policeman found them wandering in Lewisham, and, recognising them from the published descriptions, took them to the police station. They were restored to their parents yesterday afternoon.

The girl is only thirteen and the boy eleven, but these two extraordinary children seemed in no way distressed by their strange experience. They had been sleeping in Loompit Vale, and do not appear to have been in want of food, though how they obtained it is a mystery.

This is not the first time they have run away from home. Last year they were away for a day and a night, and were finally found wandering in Greenwich Park. Their mother says that she believes this time were on their way to the Kenish hopfields, of which they had been reading.

## GRENADIER BAND'S TRIUMPH.

America Declares Them the Finest Players in the World.

The Grenadier Guards band, so much admired in London, is being received with the wildest enthusiasm in America.

Lieutenant Godfrey's men are hailed as the finest combination of bandsmen in the world. Press and public alike are unanimous in their praise. At the two concerts given in the open air at Point of Pines the bandsmen received an ovation that has seldom been accorded to any orchestra.

They are declared to be far ahead of the much-belauded Rossa band, and in some respects the Americans say they are ahead of Sousa's wonderful combination.

## JILTED BRIDE.

The story of a cancelled wedding comes from Newcastle. A Miss Burrell should have been married yesterday to a young man named James Henderson.

The bride and wedding party actually went to the church, and waited for hours, but no bridegroom appeared. Henderson has not been seen or heard of since.

## TEACHING CHILDREN TO SAVE.

London children in County Council schools have now a balance at the Bank of £16,531 13s. 7d. This money is deposited through the various headmasters.

The system encourages children to pay in single pennies. Even the infant scholars are profiting under this system to learn to be thrifty.

## WAR PLAY ENDS.

Farical Army Manoeuvres Close with a Jest.

## REAL BULLETS WANTED.

The "war" between the "Red" and "Blue" forces in Essex was resumed after breakfast yesterday morning in lovely weather.

General French occupied a strong position at Weeley, and for a few hours successfully held it against the defenders. But the unreality of the manoeuvres was painfully apparent. Trenches were represented by white tape and a tree was a company of men.

At eleven o'clock General Wynne, commanding the "Reds," made a combined attack in a straight line upon the enemy with his cavalry, infantry, artillery, and machine-guns, and in thirty-five minutes Weeley was captured.

The invaders made a desperate final stand at Thorpe, but they were shelled out by the "Red" artillery and outnumbered by the infantry, who rushed across the fields on all sides and practically surrounded them.

## Unintentional Humour.

At 12.30, in the midst of the attack on Thorpe, when the spectators were wildly excited, the bugles sounded "Cease firing," and the fighting part of the Essex manoeuvres was at an end.

The umpires, with unconscious humour, said they gave the order because the two armies were so close together that it would have been impossible to declare who were the victors without using bullets.

The first division of the baffled invaders, under General Paget, commenced to embark at Clacton shortly after ten o'clock yesterday morning. The sun shone brightly, and thousands of visitors watched the operations of the sailors from the promenade.

Captain Gamble, of the Kent, was in charge, and frequently stood waist deep in the water while he vigorously issued his orders through a speaking trumpet.

## Scattered the Highlanders.

A battery of artillery turned a corner on the front at full gallop, going down to the beach, and ran right into a company of Highlanders. The soldiers were scattered on all sides, but fortunately no one was hurt, and their pipers did not relinquish playing during this hurried manoeuvre.

The second division of the flying army, under General Bruce Hamilton, commenced to embark at Little Holland at four o'clock in the afternoon. Both divisions continued their embarkation throughout the night, and it is expected that the transports will sail for Southampton this evening.

## CHEAPER BICYCLES.

Expiry of Dunlop Patent May Cause Reduction in Prices.

After having run its full course of fourteen years, an important tyre patent expires on Friday next.

In 1888, Mr. Dunlop, a Belfast veterinary surgeon, invented a pneumatic tyre for bicycles and fixed the outer cover to the rim with a solution.

In 1890 Mr. James Welch improved on this tyre. He solutioned two wires into the edges of the cover and curved the steel rims, so that when the inner tube was inflated these wires embedded themselves in the rims and kept the tyre from blowing off.

This patent was secured by the Dunlop Company and the Dunlop-Welch patent has held the field ever since. The company have many other patents, but this one expires on Friday, after which anyone will be at liberty to make or import tyres of this kind.

The company say that to meet competition the prices of their tyres will on October 1 be reduced.

## PRINCESS AT VICTORIA FALLS.

To-day Princess Christian and her daughter are to pay a visit to the famous Victoria Falls on the Zambesi River.

Princess Christian will be the first member of the Royal Family to visit these famous falls, which in grandeur and extent are far above the much-vaunted Niagara.

## STRANGLED BY AN APRON STRING.

In a fishmonger's basket the body of a female infant was found in a St. Pancras churchyard on Friday.

It had been strangled by an apron string, and at the inquest yesterday a verdict of Wilful Murder against some unknown person was returned.

## YACHT SOLD FOR £15.

Fifteen pounds was all that was realised yesterday for the yacht *Sorcerer*, which drove ashore at Dover on Monday's gale.



## Mr. Waterbury's Patrons and Their £50,000.

### WHERE HAS IT GONE?

Great public interest is being evinced in the original methods of the "Press Illustrators' Club," which has suddenly emerged from comparative obscurity into the light of publicity.

The statement has been made that Mr. H. Waterbury, the general manager of the "club," has collected about £50,000 from people of rank and good position, to whom the representation was made by circular that he was giving an exhibition of original black-and-white drawings at which patrons could have the equivalent of their prepayments in works of art.

The exhibition was promised for the month of June, but this is September and it has not taken place yet. Not unnaturally, therefore, the patrons are growing sceptical about the scheme, and are asking what has become of their money.

A preliminary exhibition was held at the Carlton Hotel by Mr. Waterbury. On that occasion about a hundred drawings passed into the possession of subscribers.

Yesterday, in consequence of the public interest shown in the "club's" mysterious methods of raising money, a telegram was dispatched to Mr. Waterbury, who is now in Paris, bidding him return to London immediately.

In Mr. Waterbury's absence it was explained by a friend that £4,000 was the actual aggregate of subscriptions paid in advance, and that the exhibition would take place at the Royal Institute Galleries very soon.

#### One-Man Club.

Two small, scantily-furnished rooms on the second-floor of the "Sheffield Telegraph" buildings, at the corner of Fleet-street and Fetter-lane, constitute the official headquarters of the Press Illustrators' Club.

The general manager is a smart young American, whose personality comprises the membership. Yesterday the "club" was in charge of a girl typewriter.

Altogether the patrons include two dukes—Abercorn and Sutherland; two marquises—Londonderry and Salisbury; eleven earls, thirteen lords, two dozen knights and baronets, a collection of M.P.s, and a host of well-known millionaires and semi-millionaires.

On the notepaper of the club appears the following list of artistic contributors: Sir John Tenniel, Linley Sambourne, Joseph Pennell, Raven-Hill, Bernard Partridge, Caton Woodville, William Hatherill, Dudley Hardy, E. J. Sullivan, H. M. Paget, John Hassall, G. R. Halkett, Cecil Alden, F. H. Townsend, Oscar Wilson, G. D. Armour, Sheldon Williams, Charles Brock, René Bull, and Alsbey Alston.

#### Appeal to Vanity.

For the enlightenment of the *Mirror* representative, pending Mr. Waterbury's return, an intimate acquaintance said the scheme was sound business, clear and above-board, though admittedly very ingenious. The object was to create a market for original drawings, that might otherwise gather dust on the shelves. That was the only element of philanthropy.

It was based on the vanity of human nature. Men were willing to pay, beforehand, for the honour of having their names listed among the aristocracy of blood and money.

The only way to get people to buy black and white drawings was to persuade them to pay in advance. Artists were invited to put their own price on pictures, for the sale of which a substantial commission was charged.

The first exhibition of the sort took place in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York, some years ago; and two similar schemes, by American agencies, are afoot in London at present.

#### SIMPLE WAY TO GAOL.

To a customer in a Battersea public-house, Joseph Brillow expressed a wish to be in prison. The customer suggested that he might gratify his desire by throwing a pewter pot through the window. Brillow instantly did so.

He showed great contrition yesterday before the magistrate, who remanded him.

#### Feis-Naptha

Don't light the copper fire;  
no boiling; no steam; little  
smell; half rubbing; nearly all  
the hard work is saved; and  
clothes wear two or three times  
as long. But go by the book.

Feis-Naptha 39 Wilson street London E.C.

## Recorder Makes No Comment on the Case at the Old Bailey.

The Grand Jury at the Old Bailey yesterday returned a true bill against William Thomas, the man alleged to be Beck's "double."

It is a matter of some comment that the Recorder, Sir Forrest Fulton, in spite of his memorable letter to the "Times," made no allusion to the case in his charge. It was the Recorder who tried Mr. Beck.

There was another "double" case at the Old Bailey yesterday.

Recently, a parcel of stationery was stolen from a cart in Hanover-street, and the thief escaped.

Thomas Allen was subsequently arrested and identified as the man, but yesterday he proved he was working in a public-house at the time, and was acquitted.

True bills were returned in the cases of Cicelino, committed for the murder of James Lee in Sobro, and of Maria Martin, indicted for drowning her three children.

The latter case, said Sir Forrest, was one of the most pathetic that had ever come before him.

### "CHILDREN ARE LIKE CATS."

#### Father's Extraordinary Simile Puzzles a Coroner.

"Children are like cats, sir," remarked a Tooting book-binding clerk named Poole to the coroner who was yesterday inquiring into the death of his eleven months' old boy, who "got thin on Thursday and died, but who was quite natural before then."

The Coroner: I don't see the force of the simile on this occasion unless it is that children are supposed to have nine lives.

Poole has had fourteen children, nine of whom are dead.

Death from Rickets due to improper feeding was the verdict.

### STABBED IN THE DARK.

#### Wife's Heroic Struggle with Her Husband's Murderer.

A wife's terrible struggle with her husband's murderer was described at the inquest yesterday on Mr. Emlyn Jones, the landlord of the Bridgend Hotel, Pentre, who was stabbed to death by a burglar.

At three o'clock in the morning Mrs. Jones was disturbed by a slight noise in the room. Glancing towards the foot of the bed she saw a man's face staring at her.

She screamed, and the man struck her on the head with a jemmy. Her husband jumped out of bed and struggled with the man.

Getting her husband against the wall, the man tried to strangle him.

Mrs. Jones caught hold of the man's leg with one hand and with the other opened the door.

Outside in the passage there was another fierce struggle.

Mrs. Jones was positive that the sailor, Eric Lange, was the murderer. The jury returned a verdict of Wilful Murder against the man.

### EX-MONK RECEIVES A SHOCK.

#### "Prize-Fighter" Responds to His Call for a Reporter.

Hackney is still greatly excited over the feud between ex-Monk Widdows and the editor of a local newspaper, and is eagerly looking for developments.

The exciting interview between Widdows and the editor in the newspaper office has been followed by a curious incident at the ex-monk's latest open-air meeting. Widdows boldly invited the reporter of the newspaper to come forward "to be strangled and crushed."

"Thereupon," a *Mirror* representative was told by the editor yesterday, "a big, burly fellow, over six feet high, with the typical features of a prize-fighter, stepped to the front. Widdows discreetly proceeded to the next head of his discourse."

A photograph of the editor appears on page 9.

### "CRIMINAL STARVATION."

So emaciated was the ten-months-old child of Florence Adams, a Margate domestic servant, who had placed it out to nurse, that a doctor declared it was a case of "criminal starvation." Placed in the scales with a flat iron, bath towel, and two cloths, the infant weighed little more than 11lb. A coroner's inquiry into its death stands adjourned.

Another remand was ordered yesterday when Joseph and Ellen Burndred were again before the St. Helens magistrates charged with poisoning Sarah Ann Jones with arsenic.

## Clairvoyant's Threat to 'Sacrifice' a Lodger.

"It seems incredible that such a state of things should exist in the twentieth century," said a solicitor appearing in a case at Liverpool Police Court yesterday.

The remarkable character of the evidence seemed fully to justify the exclamation. Robert Diggle, stated to be a "clairvoyant," living at Tunor-street, was summoned by James Travis, a bookkeeper, for the detention of certain articles of furniture valued at £14.

For about thirteen months, the complainant's solicitor stated, Travis resided with Diggle, to whom he paid his rent regularly to the middle of April, when he was called away on business.

On his return Diggle met him at the door and declared that the spirits had told him Travis was a bad man, and that he had an evil influence on his holy house. Unless Travis left the place at once Diggle declared that he was inspired by the spirits to split his skull open and offer him as a sacrifice to be immolated on the altar of spiritualism.

Diggle then produced a shovel, with which he threatened the amazed lodger. He was deaf to a proposal by Travis that he should allow him to remove his goods and pay the rent due. The spirits, he declared, had entered into possession of the furniture.

The magistrates made an order for the goods to be given up to Travis on payment of the 8s. rent already tendered, with the alternative that Diggle should pay the value of the furniture—£14.

### "BORN FOOL'S" DILEMMA.

#### Undecided as to Whether He Was Guilty or Not.

On being asked at the Old Bailey if he pleaded Guilty or Not Guilty to stealing a horse, Charles Hendon mumbled something which could not be heard.

The Recorder: What does he say?

A Warder: He says he can't say whether he's guilty or not guilty until he's seen his solicitor.

Subsequently Hendon pleaded Guilty, his counsel stating that Dr. Scott, of Brixton Prison, would give evidence that the prisoner was a "born fool." Asked if he had anything to say, the prisoner remarked, "Make it as long as you can, my lord, and I'll try and do better next time."

Hendon, who had sold the horse for £4 and bought a gramophone with the money, was sent to prison for a month.

### COMIC ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

#### Insertion of One Word Makes It a Dead Letter.

The Child Messenger Act appears to be unworkable.

Following the decision of the Lord Chief Justice in a recent case, Mr. Rose at the West London Police Court yesterday dismissed a charge brought against licensees for knowingly allowing a boy under fourteen to be supplied with beer in an unsealed bottle.

It was proved that the boy was served by the barmaid in presence of the manager, but the defending counsel successfully contended that the licensees were not liable.

In giving his decision Mr. Rose said that when the Comic History of England came to be written perhaps they would discover why the word "knowingly" was inserted in an Act of Parliament to make it a dead letter.

### SLIDE DOWN A POLE.

#### Doctor's Expedient To Get to a Dead Man.

Owing to the number of suicides in the Regent's Canal the path near Queen's-road Bridge has been fenced in.

At an inquest yesterday a doctor complained that he had to wait half an hour before the body of a drowned man was got over the railings.

The coroner (Dr. Westcott) remarked that on one occasion a doctor climbed some railings and slid down a telegraph pole in order to reach a body.

### LEGS IN THE FANLIGHT.

Awakened by an unusual noise, a warehouse boy, who is in the habit of sleeping on the counter at the shop of Mr. Bulworth, a Gray's Inn-road pawnbroker, discovered a man's legs apparently fixed in a fanlight.

The intruder was secured, and was remanded at Bow-street yesterday, where he gave the name of Ferdinand Holler.

## Two Rival Pastors Struggle for a Pulpit.

### VICTUALLING THE GARRISON.

For days past a battle royal has been raging for the possession of a Scotch church, and during the struggle some extraordinary scenes have been witnessed.

The Reverend Robert Brown, pastor of the Dalkeith Evangelical Union Church, recently received from the Session notice to leave the church. But he refuses to do so, some of the congregation support him, and, in consequence, there is a lively fight going on between the two parties.

The pastor's notice has just expired, and he should have left, but he was not easily to be beaten. Late the next night he went to the church and began fixing new locks on the doors.

One of the congregation belonging to the opposition was warned, and taking two policemen he and a crowd of people went to the church, insisted on being admitted, and made a noisy protest against the pastor's action. The noise lasted until long after midnight.

#### Church in an Uproar.

The next morning's service marked the culmination of these disorders. A new pastor came to conduct the service, but Mr. Brown declined to let him get into the pulpit. Hurrying into the pulpit himself, he gave out a hymn which the congregation sang. Then he read portions of the Scriptures and gave out hymns, never leaving the pulpit until the service was over.

When it was finished the Session clerk rose and protested. The whole church was in an uproar. Men and women shouted against each other, and it seemed that a free fight was imminent.

The Rev. Mr. Brown tried to close the vestry door, but after a struggle he had to abandon the attempt, and finally the stalwarts on both sides decided to remain where they were—in possession.

Provisions were procured from the houses of the village, and men and women ate food in the church. Several men went as far as the doors, where they solaced themselves with tobacco. During the afternoon the congregation sang hymns in unison.

At six o'clock Mr. Brown, who had been in waiting in the vestry, mounted the pulpit and occupied it for two hours, giving out hymns and reading, as he had done in the morning.

#### Disdaining a Marriage Proposal.

Immediately after this service was over the pastor requested the opposition to get up and allow him to lock up the church. But Mr. Stone, the Session clerk, said he would not leave the dismissed minister in possession—he would rather stay there all night.

Threats of assault and counter threats of police-court proceedings passed freely during the uproar that followed, but eventually a compromise was effected and the church locked up by the beadle.

The reverend gentleman's explanation of the trouble is the least extraordinary part of this strange affair. He says he has been dismissed because he has refused to marry a certain lady selected for him by the Session. He declined even the temptation of £20 extra and some new furniture.

The church is at present locked up, and the outcome of the struggle will be watched with great interest.

### "CRIME AGAINST HUMANITY."

#### Mr. Plowden's Despair of Men Who Beat Their Wives.

Mr. Plowden, before whom an omnibus driver was yesterday charged with assaulting his wife, made some severe remarks on the brutality of men who beat their wives.

To assault a woman, he said, was against the law and against humanity, and yet some men would not learn the fact.

It is ten times worse if that woman was a wife, and a hundred times worse where she was a forgiving creature, who tried to shield him as the proserutrix had.

He sentenced the prisoner to three months' hard labour.



## MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup FOR CHILDREN TEETHING

Has been used over 60 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, cures the gum, cures all pains, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA.

Sold by all Chemists at 1/15 per bottle.



† Telegrams: Ehlis, London. Telephone: No. 756 London



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## Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1904.

## ANOTHER ENTENTE CORDIALE

ON the other side of the Atlantic the Grenadier Guards' Band has met with great success. At first sight it may be said there is not anything very exciting in this. It reads merely as a record of musical success. It even sounds humorous reading. We are inclined to indulge in friendly chaff.

But such comparative trifles have an importance and far-reaching effect of their own, comparable to the old scientific story of the small boy who shot peas without stopping at one spot on a bridge, and was astonished when the accumulated vibration wrecked it.

The Tsar not long ago voiced a plea for universal peace, but his method was bad; he wished to step over centuries without a bridge.

King Edward, with his stronger and more logical brain, took up the point where it stood. He has indefatigably worked for peaceful relations between European countries, and we all know how popular the idea of the entente cordiale has become.

There is now a rapprochement all round. As in the case of France, where the bridge was built stone by stone on the foundation of easier and cheaper travelling, interchanges of commerce and art, and international games of football and tennis, so in the case of all other countries, King Edward had stepped in and added the coping stone at the right moment.

On the other hand, there is no doubt that we have been drifting apart from the United States; we have been misunderstanding one another. We have each been shrieking up our own national wares, and growing "touchy" on many subjects.

But we are on the fair way to a solid friendship. Yale and Harvard came over here and beat Oxford and Cambridge. We took the lawn-tennis championship of America. Sousa came over here with his band to "show us how." We have sent the Grenadier Guards to America; they have beaten Sousa on his own standard.

It will soon be cheaper for first-class as well as steerage passengers to cross the Atlantic.

We shall soon have forgotten all about the unfortunate affair of the tea in Boston Harbour and the War of Independence.

That dream even may be realised of an Anglo-Saxon alliance, which could defy the habitable world for centuries.

## "FOLLOW MY LEADER."

Vanity appears to be the underlying reason of the success of subscription lists.

The astute Mr. Waterbury has found many subscribers to his exhibition scheme by dangling before them the bait of big names.

It was not so much an interest in black-and-white art, it seems, that influenced them as the desire to figure in the same list of patrons as a number of titled and well-known persons.

This wish to be in the swim that leads a small man to the subscription list as surely as a young roach to the groundbait—and the hook—is human nature in a nutshell.

In all states of society the same rule holds good. In Belgravia or in Battersea what the leader does must be followed as by the very deed the thing to do—not the right, but the fashionable thing.

Men and women all spend more money on vanity, clothed as virtuous social necessity, than on any other human weakness.

The saddest side of the question is that nothing will ever make them see it.

## THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

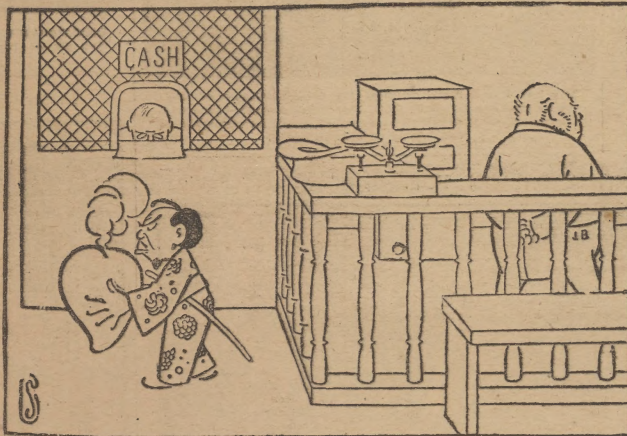
Mistrot (cheerfully)—to 'fellow-guest in 'house-party': What luck? Killed anything?  
Angler (bitterly): No. Have you?—Punch.

## JOHN BULL'S PART IN THE WAR.



JOHN BULL WILL MEDIATE.

"Let me be peace-maker. I am only waiting for the quarrellers to take their seats."



JOHN BULL'S PAWNSHOP. ("Novoe Vremya.")  
LITTLE JAP: "They won't lend me a yen."

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

LORD ROBERT CECIL, K.C., who celebrates his fortieth birthday to-day, is the third son of the late Lord Salisbury, and is best known at the Parliamentary Bar. He has a most delightfully quiet, persuasive manner, which helps him to score many points over the barrister who drives his arguments home with thumps and shouts. The smile of incredulity with which he greets the evidence of a witness for the other side often carries more weight than any amount of argument or cross-questioning.

Thirty-five years of India do not seem to have exhausted Sir Henry Cotton's enthusiasm for the country where he has done so much work and earned so much affection. He is to go out again to preside at the National Indian Congress at Bombay in December. His last post was as Chief Commissioner of Assam, which he held from 1896 until 1902, when he came home for the Coronation. Few Anglo-Indian officials have understood the people of India so well as he, and his position in the estimation of the educated native is well-nigh unique. The period of his office in Assam was by no means an untroubled one—it started with an earthquake, which levelled his official residence—but his departure was made the occasion for a series of popular demonstrations.

Lord Newton, who has been advocating the licensing of bookmakers, both for the sake of the betting public and the national exchequer, is a person who always says exactly what he thinks. To such an extent did he carry this habit, that while in the House of Commons as Mr. Legh, before his succession to the title, he managed to make himself decidedly unpopular with quite a number of people. On one occasion he had been speaking at great length on the Army Estimates, and had made a dramatic pause before he reached the end of his speech. "If the honourable gentleman has quite finished," interjected an inveterate bore, "I

will show him that his contention is ridiculous." "Then, for the sake of the House," said Lord Newton, "I will go on"; and he did, for three-quarters of an hour. But he had made another enemy.

Once, while he was addressing a political meeting, a noisy opponent interrupted him with a request to be informed of his opinions on the subject of the Game Laws. Lord Newton scored by a clever non-committal answer. "So far as my estates are concerned," he said, "there is no use for them, for you've taken all the game!"

I can imagine that it was not very dull on board the steamer which served as a prison for Miss Louie Freear and her company off Douglas the other day, for that quaintly comical little actress is always at her best when other people would be terribly glum. She has seen so much hardship in her life that nothing can upset her nowadays. Her first appearance on the stage was at such an early age that she has no recollection of it. It was when she was eight weeks old. For an actress to be earning a salary at that age, though it was only eight shillings a week, must be almost, if not quite, a record.

There was a time when her lack of height was a drawback, though to-day she finds it very useful. She says she is only 4ft. 2in., but then she always makes fun of herself on that subject. She is especially fond of telling the story of how, driven to desperation in her search for work, she seized the coat-tails of a theatrical agent and demanded an engagement in a sort of your-money-or-your-life voice. The agent's only answer was to pull his coat-tail free and shout, "Run away for good and grow!" When she had made her hit and was earning a good salary some of the first begging letters she received were from this very agent. His first letter asked for £20, his second for £10, and the next for half-a-crown. He got that.

## READERS' LETTER-BOX.

## BROKEN ENGAGEMENTS.

I think there is something to be said for the man who had the courage to break off an engagement at the eleventh hour.

Surely it is much better that he should do so than that he should condemn both himself and the girl to a life of wedded misery. Better a passing grief than an abiding sorrow. EDWARD STEPHENS, Taunton.

A man can do nothing more despicable than to jilt a girl at the last moment before the wedding. After having gone so far, it is clearly his duty to go through with the wedding, even though his sentiments may have changed.

If I had my way it should be a criminal offence. A long term of imprisonment would perhaps teach men of that kind that to put such a slight on a woman is a more serious offence than the most cruel libel. MARGARET BRANSON, Fulham, S.W.

When a man breaks off an engagement on the eve of his wedding he is invariably stigmatised as a cad. Very often he is acting the part of a chivalrous gentleman.

It seldom occurs to anyone to think that he may be taking blame which does not belong to him; that he may have given up his business, his friends, and his relations, and started a new life in a new country so that he may shield the woman whom he had wished to make his wife. J. W. FOSTER, Clare-road, Manchester.

## USELESS POLICE WHISTLES.

I believe that the police have some special method of blowing their whistles, and will not take any notice of a police-whistle blown in any other way.

I have no fault to find with a system which informs one policeman that another wants assistance, but surely that system need not make it necessary for the police to ignore an appeal for protection from a mere ratepayer? It would be quite easy for the authorities at Scotland Yard to inform the public, through the Press, of some signal. Doughty-street, W.C. L. V. MARKS.

## CHEAP MOTOR-CARS.

Having just got back from the Hereford Small Car Trials I find on my table a cutting from a daily paper dated September 6, in which Mr. S. F. Edge is quoted as saying there is no such thing as a cheap motor-car, and that £200 is the lowest price at which a reliable small car can be purchased.

The results of the trials prove that he is wrong. Siddley and Volsley cars, both of English make, are sold at £175, and Oldsmobiles at £150. Of course, the purchaser of a light £100 car must not expect to get as much for his money as a man buying a car at £200 to £1,000, but these light cars will take him 100 miles a day all the year round.

I see no reason why in two or three years it should not be possible to buy a really good little car for £100. W. N. LATTS, 65, Great Marlborough-street, W.

## A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

## Mr. Beerbohm Tree.

HE is the most ambitious actor-manager on the stage; but his ambition does not take the form of a struggle for parts which show himself to the greatest advantage. It is to produce for the British public such plays as no one else dare. Nothing but the best is good enough, is his motto.

To night he produces "The Tempest" as only he could produce it.

He differs from other actors, not by his skill as an actor, but by his imagination. He has more imagination than all the other members of his profession rolled together.

To meet him for the first time is to be confronted by a puzzle. You must know him well before you know anything but the outside man.

That outside man is a very tall, clean-shaven person, with blue eyes and a good-humoured smile. Later you will notice that the smile is slightly sarcastic.

Energy and unconquerable youth are there, too, but to find them you must first penetrate an armour of feigned indifference.

Then his conversation will fascinate you. You will find him full of the keenest and wittiest repartee, epigrammatic almost to a fault, and singularly well read.

He is kindness itself. He believes, or appears to believe, everything everybody says; he will listen to advice from anybody; he will suffer a bore longer than any other man living.

He is not so gentle from meekness. He knows his own value. Perhaps he even overestimates it. Still, his value is a high one.

He is capable and lovable. What more can be wanted of any man? If only he would get rid of some of his mannerisms he would be still better.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The English week-end consumes three days out of the seven easily, and this reduces the week to a four-day affair. It makes one marvel to think of the manner in which the American man will stay in town through blistering summers so that he may be near his office or Wall-street when the wheels begin to turn again.—Kate Masterton, in "Town Topics" (New York).



# THE CHANCES OF WAR.



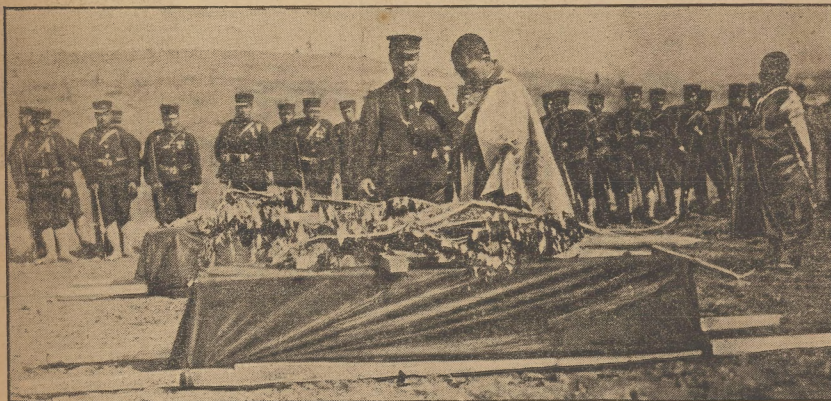
Japanese bringing a wounded soldier into camp on an ambulance. He had been attacked by a party of Russians whilst on outpost duty.—(Copyright of "Collier's Weekly.")

# CONGRATULATING THE CROWN PRINCE.



The betrothed royal couple, the Crown Prince of Germany and the Duchess Cecilie of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, receiving congratulations from children at the door of the Castle of Gohensande.

# HONOURING A FALLEN FOE.



The burial of Russian officers at Antung by Japanese soldiers. The Mikado's men took some branches from a neighbouring tree and placed them over the coffins, and the Russians were interred with full military honours.—(Copyright of "Collier's Weekly.")

# END OF THE ESSEX MANOEUVRES.



Troops embarking in small boats to rejoin their transports off Clacton yesterday after the manoeuvres in Essex.

# A CENTENARIAN SPINNER.



This old lady, Mrs. Rachel Graw, is over 100 years old. She appeared at the agricultural show just held at Monaghan, where she gave an exhibition of her prowess at the spinning-wheel.

# SNAPSHOT OF THE NEW



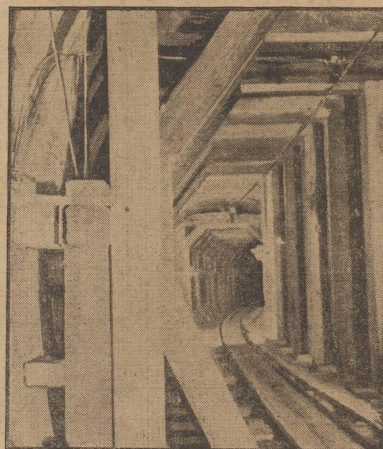
# TO-MORROW'S SOCIETY WEDDING



Lord Dunsany and Lady Beatrice Villiers, daughter of the Countess of Bessborough, are to be married at Middleton (Bicester) to-morrow.—(Photo Gillman.)



# LONDON'S NEW "TUBES."



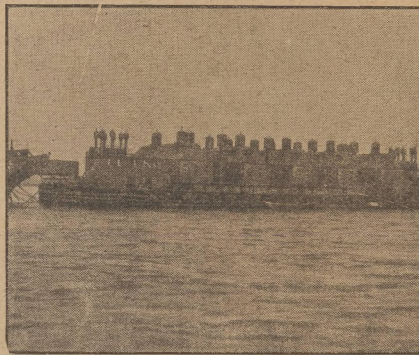
Showing timber being used to strengthen the tube at the Piccadilly-circus Station of the Baker-street and Waterloo railway. The Brompton and Piccadilly line is being constructed immediately under this system, only five inches separating the two tunnels.

# ASSAULT



Mr. A. King, of the Spectator, threatened with an ex-monk.—(See page 7.)

# SMALLPOX SHIPS FOR SALE.



One of the Metropolitan Asylums Board smallpox isolation ships now lying at Dartford. The boats have been disinfected, and are now offered for sale by public tender.

# A



The one who was in the...



TS  
NS

# NEWS OF THE DAY SEEN THROUGH THE CAMERA



## RUSSIA'S PRIZE PIRATE.



Captain Troyan, who is in command of the Russian "volunteer" steamer Smolensk, which stopped and searched British vessels for contraband of war.

## "THE CATCH OF THE SEASON."



Mr. Seymour Hicks and Miss Zena Dare in "The Catch of the Season" at the Vaudeville Theatre.—(Foulsham and Banfield.)

## MISS VESTA TILLEY.



A pretty study of Miss Vesta Tilley, the popular music-hall artist.—(Foulsham and Banfield.)

ED EDITOR.



Editor of the "Hacker," who was shot by a revolver by named Widdowes. (page 5.)



The diver in the small boat is about to descend to clear the propeller of the Atlantic liner Vaderland at Dover. A steel hawser got jammed in the propeller, and delayed the vessel for twenty-one hours.



The Sioux chiefs, Iron Tail and Philip Blue Shield, now touring with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. They are said to be the only North American Indians who have ever been to John o' Groat's.

## SOUTHEND PICTURE COMPETITION.



Five shillings and a "Mirror" fountain pen awaits each of these two Southend visitors at the "Daily Mirror" tent on the front.

## ROMAN DUSTMAN.



of a Lambeth dustyard, when work up to their waists refuse, picking out rags.

## THE POST OFFICE WALK.



Some of the competitors in the Post Office employees' walk from Highgate to Barnet yesterday.



The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals have just inspected the donkeys regularly employed on the sands during the season at New Brighton, and have awarded the first prize for this donkey.



PRETTY DESIGNS FOR A WINTER DRESSING GOWN AND JACKET.

DAINTY WHITE WEAR.  
WORK FOR THE LONG EVENINGS  
OF AUTUMN.

Dressing gowns and jackets range among the pretty details of the moment upon which busy fingers are exercised, for it is always in the autumn that this branch of needlework is most appropriately taken up, and among the materials most in vogue are cosy flannels and delaine.

Rich but Simple Effects.  
These are days of extreme simplicity in the cut of lingerie. If the dainty undergarments are costly it is due to the delicacy of the material and the handwork employed on them, not to their elaboration or their quantities of garniture.  
Quite apart from its advantages as a fashionable wear, the new circular cut in lingerie is a very wise as well as an excellent idea. It reduces the weight of clothing to the least possible degree, insures comfort through an absence of bulk and wrinkles, and leaves plain spaces upon which to show lovely trimmings to the best advantage. Even the robe de nuit is a circular slip, with an Empire yoke and frills instead of sleeves.  
Lace is sparingly used, and should be exceedingly dainty—real Valenciennes, or the clever machine imitation thereof, figuring most conspicuously. If embroidery is seen it has been done by hand, and shows small patterns and scattered designs. The quality of the fabrics employed for underwear are of the most dainty character. Lawn, crystalline, very thin crêpe de Chine, silk batiste, and silk are among them.

The Tempestuous Petticoat.  
Some of the very prettiest corset covers are being made of coloured batiste and muslin. They are cut very low in the neck, with tucks about the waist instead of darts, and they end, as all the newest covers do, at the waist. A pointed and tucked frill falls from the top, and is pretty if inset and edged with lace. This style is useful to the slender girl and the schoolgirl, whose soft shirts have a tendency to drop limply if not supported.  
There is not the slightest tendency to increase the bulk of the petticoat, because the dress skirts are like turbulent tents. If anything the hip part of the petticoat is more sheathlike than ever. It fits quite closely to the knees when, by reason of one or many circular ruffles, it flares out abruptly and is trimmed with narrow flounces and ruchings to add to the round effect. Among the materials made up for the latest silk petticoats are twilled taffetas, washing crêpe de Chine, and washing silk poplin.

Pinked Ruches Form Trimmings.  
Some of the smartest petticoats, in contradistinction to the elaborate ones of the summer, are rather plain, some actually so, without any supplementary expense in lace and needlework. They have the sheath hip part, and either a circular flounce trimmed with many narrow pinked ruches in straight and fancy designs, or the flounce is accordion-pleated and held open with pinked ruchings.  
The very newest skirt is the Court petticoat, to wear with home negligée gowns that are not closed to the feet. This petticoat has the front trimmed, and the trained flounce matches, hence, when the gown lies back, a very pretty underskirt is displayed.

GEOGRAPHY DEFIED.  
WHAT THE JAPS CALL JAPAN.

"Of course," said a Japanese, talking of his own land, "we do not call our country Japan. Our name, for it is 'Nippon,' or 'Sun's Origin,' indicating its position in the extreme East. But when we speak of the entire Empire we call it 'Dai Nippon,' which means 'Great Nippon.'"  
The Jap's eyes twinkled.  
"It is not," he meditatively concluded, "uninteresting to reflect that off the eastern and western boundaries of the greatest mass of land in the world there should exist an insignificant group of islands, inhabited in each case by a people of very mixed origin and very mixed characters, each of whom expresses its defiance of its geographical insignificance by the same means: 'Dai Nippon' and 'Great Britain.'"

Fels-Naptha  
Soaking does half the work:  
half the usual rubbing is then enough.  
And yet Fels-Naptha is mild,  
not harsh.  
Go by the book.  
Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London E C

SCENTED CASES.  
EVEN CORSETS ARE KEPT IN THEM.

The growing use of sachet powders has led to a greater number of cases in which women keep the various items of their wardrobe. The cases, of course, are scented, and some are exquisitely embroidered in designs that may be original, or



A white flannel jacket edged with blue washing ribbon embroidered all over with black French knots.

merely devices which have been traced from a purchased pattern.  
The materials used for these cases range from linen to satin, but many girls prefer a material that can be washed, especially if they travel much, for packing creases them so, and the continuous handling necessary in putting them into trunks and removing them makes them dingy, so that a silk or satin soon ceases to look fresh.  
There are many designs suggesting a great variety of patterns that might be simplified or elaborated according to the cleverness of a girl with her needle and pencil. One is for a glove sachet, say, of nut-brown or bronze linen, worked with a design of cowslips, simply treated in appliqué and embroidery; the leaves being applied in cowslip green linen, button-holed round the edges, and veined with white or paler green flax thread, and the flowers embroidered in their natural yellows, shading from the palest tint to a deep gold.

A Trellis Design.  
Another suggests a handkerchief sachet made of celadon green satin, well padded with perfumed cotton wool, a trellis effect being given by lines of gold thread stitched down through the cotton wool. Before the padding is done the trellis design should be traced upon the satin. Then in every other square a rose is worked in creamy giant ribbon or semi-transparent crêpe of white or pink, the arrangement resulting in a group of three roses coming together, while the leaves, in ribbon or embroidery, occupy the fourth square. At each corner of the sachet is set a large rose or rosette of the ribbon or crêpe.  
A bag of soft heliotrope satin, worked with a design of white or purple grapes is another idea. The bunches are rendered in sequins or beads, the leaves in silks, and the clusters of fruit peep out from a kind of basket work wrought with strands of gold thread laid across one another. The modern girl is not content with a handkerchief case only, but must keep her corsets, her daintiest hosiery, and her laces, in their separate and special dainty envelopes of silk and scent.

AN EVENING GOWN.  
Among the loveliest evening gowns recently designed is a pompadour frock in the daintiest of silver-grey silk patterned with pink roscubuds. The skirt is bordered with a pinked out flounce, the gauntings above the heading being finished with two rows of narrow green ribbon velvet. The bodice comes to a long point in front, and over this falls a jabot of fine lace, between turned back double revers faced with white silk, a miniature diamond button accentuating each point.

USEFUL COFFEE.  
AN EVER-READY FUMIGANT.

"Coffee is an excellent fumigant, and one whose pungent odour vanishes more quickly than those in ordinary use," states a health specialist.  
"A proof of the fact that the coffee actually absorbs the other smell is found when the coffee is



Pale pink nun's veiling dressing-gown, the yoke of which is decorated with eyelet-hole embroidery and edged with puckered ribbon.

first burnt. If it simply drove the other odour from the room the smell of coffee round the fireplace would be very strong, but it can hardly be noticed for some minutes, and then appears generally in all portions of the apartment being fumigated.  
"To use coffee as a fumigant, a quantity must be crushed and placed on the top of a very hot stove and allowed to burn either directly on the stove lid or in a special receptacle.

"PEARLIES" IN VOGUE.  
BUTTONS AND MEDALLIONS PREVAILING IN TRIMMINGS.

Among the many new modes, there are many old ones that still hold their sway, and grow, if possible, stronger with the seasons. One of these is the button vogue, and the other is that for medallions.

In buttons there is a greater variety than ever. They are larger and more beautiful than they were, costing, in some cases, prices that ought to buy a gown. In the other extreme there are buttons that are very small, and these are used abundantly for trimming purposes. Little brass buttons are used to trim a belt; little brass buttons are employed upon a stock; small mother of pearl buttons, such as the costermonger loves, are used for vest and coat trimmings, and buttons that are extremely beautiful, but of no special character, decorate the latest walking gowns.  
The handsomest of the new buttons are made of three or four materials, showing frequently a filigree of gold or silver over brocade or velvet. Others are made of different coloured stones, all inset, while still others are of metal with designs set with precious stones.  
Hand-painted buttons and those that are covered with the dress material, as well as velvet ones both small and great, are all very much used, and since they are inexpensive as well as beautiful, are becoming fast favourites.  
One very charming button is made of white silk, painted with a flower. This makes a handsome decoration for a reception or bridesmaid's dress, and is a button that can be used upon gowns of even more full-dress distinction, such as evening toilette.  
For evening wear the hand-painted button is set in a little rim of Valenciennes lace gathered round the button. Again, one sees the button set in the middle of a rosette of ribbon, and in either form it is very pretty. Lace medallions are being employed as numerously as ever, but there is more method in their madness than formerly. One very pretty arrangement shows a row of circular pieces of lace arranged across a bodice with narrow strips of lace connecting them. Each medallion is centred with a jewel.

THE SWEET PEA.  
A BLOSSOM ESTABLISHED IN FAVOUR.

Few flowers have this summer been higher in favour or found to be possessed of more all-round decorative qualities than the sweet pea, and even now that the summer is waning they are being supplied by the florists, and will probably enter the lists of flowers that can be bought all the year round. In the autumn garden, too, they still flourish.  
They are extremely useful for large indoor decorations when obtainable in sufficient quantities, retaining, as they do to the last, that appearance of freshness and daintiness which is so essential for floral adornment, while their perfume has a charm peculiarly its own, sweet and fragrant, without being in the least degree overpowering.  
One great advantage in the use of sweet peas for table or room decorations is that no other flower is needed for the scheme. Growers will tell you that the secret of keeping the supply in the garden long in flower is to pick them often, and to prevent any seed-pods forming. That is another very amiable quality of the sweet-pea plant, that the more it is deprived of its blossoms, the more prolific it will be.  
Dust cloaks are now regarded as deserving of as much attention as the frocks they protect.  
Many of the new gloves are lined with a contrasting colour. The fancy is not a good one, however, and may not live long.

Any Food

Is made Nourishing by the addition of

Every Food

Plasmon makes all Food

NOURISHING, TASTY, DIGESTIBLE.

Full directions and Cookery At all Chemists, Grocers, and Stores, 9d., 1/4, and 2/6.

Recipes with each Packet. International Plasmon, Ltd., 66a, Farringdon St., London, E.C.



## Bevy of Charming Girls Start for Lourdes Waters.

Why is it that feminine pilgrims who leave London to visit foreign holy places and sanctuaries are invariably so beautiful?

When the great Sunday-school teachers' excursion left Victoria for Palestine some few weeks ago the beauty of the ladies aroused general admiration on the platform. Yesterday, when the Catholic Association's annual pilgrimage started from Charing Cross for Lourdes one was confronted with the same phenomenon. Nearly every fair pilgrim was lovely.

To those who went on to the platform with the idea of giving a pitying, encouraging send-off to shrivelled up, paralytic old woman to whom doctors had said their last word, this state of things came as a sort of shock. But wonder and disappointment were soon lost in admiration.

### Holiday Frocks.

There were just over seventy pilgrims, and two-thirds of them had the bloom of healthy womanhood on their cheeks, and some were taking holiday frocks on their backs. One looked in vain for crutches. The other third of the party consisted of gentlemen, ecclesiastical and otherwise, in the pink of bodily soundness, and included Mr. McKean, M.P.

"Oh, no, they are not all ill. In fact, very few of

them are invalids," explained an office-bearer. "They are going to Lourdes for devotional reasons," and he turned away to superintend the storing of the large pilgrimage flag that had been proudly unfurled on the platform.

What he had said supplied the solution of the beautiful pilgrim problem. It was their devoutness—combined, of course, with their pretty frocks—that made the lady pilgrims so lovely. Here was an outstanding proof of what the Sunday school prize books say—that a beautiful-soul makes its prison of flesh beautiful.

"I've heard the Pope is going to kiss the whole lot," remarked an enthusiastic porter, but the man was speaking under a misapprehension. He was mixing the ladies up with the pilgrimage flag, which his Holiness has already kissed.

## KUROPATKIN'S CHARGER DESERTS.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

ST. PETERSBURG, Sunday.—General Kuropatkin has lost his famous charger, Le Marechal. Le Marechal, a son of Lohengrin, the English thoroughbred, has, in fact, displayed characteristic sympathy with the Japanese.

"The General," writes Lieutenant Yudin, "had taken the bridle and was patting the horse on the neck when it kicked, tore away, and galloped along the line. Four Cossacks immediately pursued, but their horses were no match for K's thunder, and the riderless animal got clear away.

"At last the Cossacks came back, exhausted, and afraid to show their faces. There is no doubt that Le Marechal has been captured by the Japanese."

## KUROKI AS HE IS.

## Prides Himself on His Gentleness and Likes Dominoes.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

MOSCOW, Thursday.—Among the Japanese prisoners now interned near Tomsk is no less a personage than the barber of General Kuroki and his staff, who was captured by Cossacks while carrying dainties to a brother serving in one of the Japanese outposts.

Kumara, who the Siberians have Russianised into Komaroff, now clips the beards of Russian officers and officials, but declines to have anything to do with the Muscovite lower orders. He gives the following details of his brilliant master's life in the field.

### Likes Being Photographed.

"The General never bothers about details, but leaves them to subordinates, whom he punishes severely for any blunder. He is very neat in his person, and took a cold bath in the very heat of the Kiulencheng battle. He likes being photographed, is fond of chess and dominoes, but never plays cards.

"My master lives largely upon rice, and hardly ever drinks wine, except at ceremonial banquets attended by foreigners. He has a great many European friends, among them many Russians. For the Russians he has not the least personal enmity, and regards the war as a big business trans-

saction, to be carried out effectively but without temper.

"In action the General always exposes himself unnecessarily. When remonstrated with at Kiulencheng, he replied, 'It is quite true that I may be killed, and that that would be a loss. But it would be a still greater loss if my men imagined that I sat in a tent and drew up orders de bataille while they faced the Russian bullets. Of two evils I choose the lesser.'

"Kuroki prides himself on his gentle manners, and when I cut his hair treated me always as if I were an ambassador. He has the same way with everyone, and though the soldiers regard him as a kind of god they are never afraid to speak to him.

"He has a great opinion of your General Kuro-patkin, but regards many things in the Russian Army as cumbersome and out-of-date. One of his sayings is, 'The future is to the little men without appetites.' He talked quite frankly on this subject to a wounded Russian officer captured during the first battle, and the Russian replied, 'Yes, our men are hard to move. That is why they are better in defence than attack.'

## COMMISSIONER'S DEATH ROLL.

The sixteenth report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, which was issued yesterday morning, contains a resume of the collections dealt with since the last report.

Allusion is made to the deaths of Sir A. L. Smith, Lord Salisbury, Lord Lothian, Viscount Esher, Dr. Stubbs, Lord Acton, Mr. W. H. Lecky, M.P., and Dr. Gardiner, all of whom were members of the Commission, and Mr. J. J. Cartwright, the secretary of the body.

## LOVE AT A PRICE.

By J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND.

### CHAPTER XXXIII. (continued).

Not a muscle of Gramphorn's face moved, but he kept his eyes on Stanton's right hand and the thin glittering barrel of the revolver. He was confronted by a desperate man; but he was accustomed to desperate men. His schemes had brought him into touch with many who desired his death. For more than a year he had practically carried his life in his hands.

"You will gain nothing by that, Mr. Stanton," he said quietly. "And the gallows is a most ignominious end to a man's life."

"It is better than the hell in which I live," replied Stanton. Gramphorn shrugged his shoulders. "This is a new way of paying debts," he said, sarcastically. "It is almost humorous. I ask you to pay me what you owe, and you threaten me with a revolver." Stanton made a gesture of impatience.

"Take your cursed money," he said, replacing his revolver in his pocket. "Do you think it is for coin that I want your life? Well, that you are to be married to Juliet Aumerle. Say, I say now that you shall never marry her—never, so long as I am alive. If everything else fails, I shall kill you."

"Why not do it now? Has your courage failed you?"

"I shall find another, and a better, opportunity," replied Stanton. "Besides, I wish to give you a chance."

"Thank you," said Gramphorn, with a smile. "At any rate, you are frank. You know, I suppose, that the law provides for cases of this sort. I can have you arrested and kept out of harm's way. But, to show you how little I fear you, I will let you remain at liberty. I can deal with you myself without the aid of the law. If you will take my advice, you will go back to America. I will cancel your bargain in Mashangweland Investment Trust."

Stanton flushed, and, sitting down at the desk, pulled out a cheque book and wrote out a cheque.

"I wish to make it quite clear, Mr. Gramphorn," he said, handing him the slip of mauve paper, "that I bear you no grudge for your financial triumph over me. It is the fortune of war. Here is a cheque for £46,655. I have lost, and am willing to pay. I have left myself £25 for immediate expenses, and that is all that I have in the world." Gramphorn did not touch the cheque, and he appeared to be lost in thought.

"I hope," continued Stanton, "that I have made it clear to you that I have no wish to evade payment of my debts, and that the matter between us is one in which money plays no part."

"I shall not touch this cheque," said Gramphorn. "I have cancelled the bargain," Stanton rose to his feet.

"If you think, Mr. Gramphorn," he said slowly, "that you can buy my forgiveness, you are mistaken. If you do not take the cheque I shall send the amount round to you in notes. I do not ask any favours of you, and refuse to accept them. The financial battle is over. We have come down to tooth and claw. I do not require money for my purpose now."

"Very well," said Gramphorn, placing the cheque in his pocket. "I will take the money. But I think you are a fool." Stanton took his hat and stick and moved towards the door.

"I may be a fool," he said, "but not to great a fool as you will be if you refuse to break off your engagement to Juliet Aumerle. An eye

for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," that is my motto, Mr. Gramphorn. Good morning," and he left the room.

Gramphorn rang the bell, and a clerk entered. "Follow that man who has just left," he said, "and do not leave him until you find out where he lives." The man left the room.

Then Gramphorn sat down and wrote a short note to some private inquiry agents, asking them to send round a detective at once on urgent business.

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 CHAPTER XXXIV. The Shadow.  
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Gramphorn's triumph was almost complete. He had risen like some glorious phoenix from the ashes of his hopes and ambitions. He had torn his enemies till they were too weak to lift a hand against him. Wilkinson and Mrs. Waldenfel were ruined, Stanton was a beggar and an outcast, Schwartz was dead, Lord Lotherbury was out of office, powerless and humiliated by the fact that he had been compelled to accept favours from the man he had tried to ruin. A host of financiers had been forced into the Bankruptcy Court. No fewer than fourteen firms had been hammered on the Stock Exchange. Of a truth these men had sown the wind and reaped the whirlwind.

Gramphorn stood out in that hour as the most powerful and the richest man in England. His fortune was enormous. His profits from the bear scare alone amounted to nearly five millions. The huge blocks of Mashangweland shares which he held, as the result of his former heroic efforts to save the market from a panic, now represented a fortune so gigantic that it was scarcely possible to estimate it within a million of the actual figure. For the shares rose daily and hourly, as the public rushed to buy them, and before a fortnight had elapsed Mashangweland Investment Trust stood at £18 a share.

Once more Mashangweland was on every one's lips, and public opinion veered round so suddenly that every paper in England abused the Government for not having already annexed this most desirable country. Thousands of emigrants left for Corbas, for Gramphorn had openly offered free passage and free land to anyone who was willing to plough and sow and reap. He offered no such inducement to gold diggers, but every emigrant looked forward to the time when he would leave his farm and go northwards into the Accursed Mountains.

Diplomats, English and German, were busy, for the magic of gold lights up the fiercest passions, and all the skill of diplomacy was needed to quench the flames. The press of both nations cried out for Mashangweland, and, in trying to voice the popular enthusiasm, became so virulent and antagonistic in their language that they imperilled the peace of the whole of Europe. But the silent diplomats at about their work in secret, and shut their ears to the raucous clamour of both press and people.

On March 1 the negotiations were completed. To the thunder of guns from three first-class battleships the Union Jack was hoisted at Corbas, and Mashangweland became part of the British Empire. The British Lion and the German Eagle had shrunk from the encounter. Then the Lion had pushed forward a piece of meat as a bribe, and the Eagle had carried it off in sullen silence. Such was the final chapter of the story of the struggle of Mashangweland. England made enormous commercial concessions in Egypt and Asia in return for the withdrawal of Germany's claims. The German arguments were delicately framed, but they could have been summed up in a few words.

"We intend to have Mashangweland. If necessary, we will fight for it. But we should prefer to settle the matter on a commercial basis." Now commerce is more to a German than colonisation, and so Mashangweland became part of the British Empire.

It was a day of national rejoicing. From every mast and tower flags were unfurled to the breeze, and bells rang out from every steeple. The victory of English arms against a foreign foe could scarcely have produced greater enthusiasm.

And this day was the crowning triumph of Gramphorn's career. He had accomplished the work that he had set himself to do. All that he had wrought and suffered, all that he had schemed and planned found its reward in this day of national rejoicing. This was the payment for the lives he had sacrificed and for the honour he had lost. He towered up before the eyes of the nation like some gigantic column, whose base is strewn and heaped up with shattered stones. He was the man who had conquered, and given England the fruits of his conquest.

That very evening he drove to Liverpool-street on his way down to the east coast for a fortnight's rest and holiday, and his passage through the City was of the nature of a triumphal progress. Cheers greeted him along the whole route; hats were thrown in the air; enthusiastic clerks waved little Union Jacks and sang "God Save the King." Outside the Stock Exchange his carriage came to a dead stop in the midst of a great crowd. Hundreds of men pressed forward to grasp him by the hand. Smart young fellows yelled out the price of Mashangweland stock. The horses were unharnessed and the carriage was dragged down Old Broad-street by a crowd of hatless young men yelling themselves hoarse in bursts of patriotic song. Gramphorn smiled as he thought of the last time his carriage had been drawn by human hands. Then he had been dragged along the brink of a precipice. Now he rolled along a smooth, firm road. Behind him lay all the dangers he had passed; in front, a vista of unbounded wealth and power and popularity.

As the train moved out of the station Gramphorn leant out of the window and raised his hat to the cheering crowd. Then he leant back on the leather cushions and, lighting a cigar, ran his eye over the columns of an evening newspaper. A leading article was devoted to Mashangweland, and he smiled grimly as he read the praise of the man who "had dared all for England." His unerring memory recalled a very different phrase that the same paper had used about him a few months before.

Then his eye caught another paragraph, "Suicide of well-known stockbroker," and he read how Mr. Julius Wonthem had killed himself owing to financial losses on the Stock Exchange. He remembered well his last interview with Mr. Julius Wonthem and how the grasping little man had left his office a ruined man. He flung the paper to the floor and relapsed into a rather unpleasant train of thought.

It led him last to George Stanton. He had no reason to love this young man. But it was suddenly borne in upon Gramphorn's mind that Stanton had erred through love—for love spells jealousy, and it was jealousy that had turned an honourable young fellow into a treacherous scoundrel. Gramphorn began to wonder if, after all, Stanton's moral downfall might not be justly laid at the door of the man who had first tempted him to a dishonest action. It was a disquieting thought, and the great financier was almost inclined to forgive Stanton and make some amends to him for the past.

But Stanton had unfortunately disappeared. Gramphorn's clerk had traced him to rooms in Jermyn-street, and that very night a private detective had been sent down to watch him. But he was too late. Stanton never came near the place again, and it transpired that he had moved

directly Gramphorn's clerk had left the street. Gramphorn recalled Stanton's words of vengeance, but he was too slow to catch the threats uttered by a man in a moment of passion are rarely carried out in cold blood. He had no fear for the future. He was to be married to Juliet Aumerle on April 3.

Until the middle of March both he and Juliet Aumerle and her mother were the guests of Lord Beauvalant at Salt Hall, in Essex, a great mansion which stood on the very edge of the marshes. As Gramphorn drove up to the house, he felt that here, at any rate, was peace. To the west the country billowed luxuriantly in a vista of hill and wood. To the east lay miles of salt marshes intersected by creeks—a veritable "World's End" that merged silently into the sea. The bustling world of finance seemed to have vanished. And in its place lay silent wood and lonely marsh, and the sweet company of the woman he loved.

Juliet and her mother arrived the next day, and the house was filled with distinguished guests anxious to meet the great financier and the bride he had chosen for himself out of all the women of England.

Juliet had left the stage for good, and the Pantheon Theatre was to see her no more. She was to be the wife of the richest man in England, and her lot henceforward was to be cast in high places. This visit to Salt Hall was her first appearance in society as the equal of those who surrounded her. She was envied by every woman and admired by every man. Beautiful, in the full health and vigour of youth, and with the prospect of limitless power and wealth before her, she should have been the happiest woman in the whole wide world.

Yet it was a white and weary face that was reflected in the looking-glass on the first night she spent at Salt Hall. She had gone through a trying ordeal and had emerged triumphant. At the dinner-table and in the drawing-room afterwards she had stood out as a queen among the women who surrounded her. Her flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes had betrayed the excitement of the hour. But never before had she looked so beautiful. Her glorious face had blotted out the features of her companion, and had cast a triumphant gleam on all eyes were for her, and for her alone, and womanlike, she had realised this to the full, and for a moment it had thrilled her with a strange and unholy joy.

But now the fire had died from her eyes and the colour from her cheeks. As she stood before her glass, and brushed her long, dark hair, she saw the wan face of a ghost. She turned away from it with fear and loathing.

"My God," she muttered to herself, "in a month's time I shall be his wife. Why cannot I love him? He has been so good to me—so good to me."

She undressed slowly, turned out the light, and went to bed. But after a few hours' restless sleep she woke with a start from a horrible dream, in which Gramphorn and Stanton both lay dead at her feet, and she herself was watching the shadow of death creeping silently towards her. She was certain that someone had called her name. She switched on the electric light and sat up in bed, trembling in every limb. It was half-past three. There was no sound but the ticking of the carriage clock on her dressing-table. Yet she was certain that someone had called her name.

She got out of bed, and, drawing aside the blind, peered out into the night. The moon was bright on the horizon, and threw long shadows across the wide expanse of lawn.

Then suddenly one of the shadows moved. She glanced at the trees, and saw that they were motionless. Then something dark crept from bush to bush and finally emerged close to the house. It was a man, and the moonlight fell upon his face. Juliet stood up and watched him as statuesque as though she had been turned to stone. For the man was George Stanton, and he was looking up at her window.

(To be continued.)







Herr Fournier is a great sportsman, and it is supposed that a percussion cap which had fallen into his pipe caused the explosion.

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